

99 Red Balloons

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99 Red Balloons by thenewnationalanthem (moxielovesshipping)

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Summary:

Bill and Stanley come back to Derry to remember all the lives that Pennywise affected by letting 99 red balloons fly through the air.

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"Beverly! Could you come over here, please?" Bill asks, watching as his daughter's hair bounces through the crowd as she makes her way to him. Her bright, green eyes are shining as she looks up at her father, and it's like he's falling in love all over again.

"Hi daddy! Did you call me? Maybe you didn't. I dunno, but hi daddy!" She giggles, and Bill picks her up, kissing her chubby cheeks.

"I did! I need some more string, I'm running out over here. Your dad has some though, could you bring it to me?"

"Yeah! I got it! Daddy!!!" She screams, her little legs carrying her as fast as the wind, carefree, and perfect. That's all Bill ever thought of his daughter. He watches her as she approaches Stanley, pointing over at him with a big grin on her face. He looks up, and they lock eyes, and it's like he's falling in love all over again. His curls are falling just so, and the sun is shining off his hair like it won't be there tomorrow.

Even as he stands up and makes his way to him now, Bill blushes, because how did he land someone so perfect?

In his hand are strings, of all sizes and colors, and he's handing them out to his husband, with their daughter in his free arm. "Why are you on the ground, honey?"

Bill stutters a bit and brushes off his jeans, standing up with a soft

smile. "I was looking for strings. Bevy, I thought I said to bring strings back? Not bring my entire husband." He laughs, and their daughter looks completely confused.

"She did the honorable thing!" Stan scolds, kissing her cheek just as Bill had done earlier. "But seriously, I can help you, I've gotten my 30 balloons up, and Bev--"

"Yes daddy?"

"*Aunt* Beverly is working on hers."

"What about the other 9?"

"That would be Ben's job...wherever Ben is." Stan grins, putting Beverly down on the ground to return to whatever it was she was doing before. "Here, we can both get dirty." He says before sitting on the ground, patting the spot in front of him for Bill to sit down.

Of course, Bill blushes, and takes a seat in front of his husband, leaning back onto his chest as he blows up balloons. "You think Bevy likes it here?"

He feels Stan shrug, tying all Bill's balloons with strings and attaching them to the weight. "Maybe so. Why?"

"Do you think we should move back? I--Instead of coming back every

year for--for this?"

"Bill, we've discussed this before. You know that isn't what you really want, you're just homesick. Florida is great for us."

"Yeah, but--"

"Sweetie. Do you *really* want to move back to the place that plagued us for years?"

"The place we met."

"The place we left *together*."

Bill sighs as the last balloon is blown up, handing it to his husband as he turns around to kiss him. "You're right."

"We're right. We're perfect. Now c'mon, we gotta get all of these to the main street so that we can let them go. People are waiting on us!" Stan scolds, standing up and grabbing Bill's hand to pull him up too. Bill dusts off his pants and grins, following behind his husband with a handful of 30 balloons.

"In memory of all the children lost. The people affected. The families broken. For Richie. For Eddie. We will never forget them all." Bill says in closing, and the crowd cheers them on as he and Stan cut the strings of each and every balloon, watching them float up towards

the sky, coating the sky in red.

They lock eyes across them, and Bill smiles.

They may have lost Richie and Eddie..but Bill would always, always have Stan.